Teddy blandly inquired.

" Is Mr. P. Muggleby, senior, to

be give to de gen'l'man hisself."

" Doy's a answer," said Teddy.

lettin' a feller inside?"

seanned Teddy's face closely.

himself for his spectacles.

" Drat It !" he said.

"Stay yers in de dark?"

led the way up the creaking stairs.

along wid ve."

git out agin ?"

better than mine."

your nephew.

If you want to see what the flakes are like just take your little baby sister and put her sweet round face up against the window-panes. The merry flakes will fairly meit with glee, and freezing themselves against the glass, they will show all the rainbow colors, and will take a thousand pretty forms like the figures in a kalekioscope, just to please her pretty eyes. But the fakes which the wicked fairies have possessed will make saucy faces at her and jump off on the first gust of wind that passes by.

What an awful storm it was this Christmas Eve! A complete panoply of snow-cloud wrapped the sky so thick and heavy that it seemed to reach down to the roofs of the buildings. It was easy to see where the church spires poked through the sombre cloud-fabric which muffled the sound of their bells and hid their leftier peaks in impenetrable shade. The wind tore through Broadway and bowled the people about as if they were nine-pins, filling their eyes, ears and noses with the snow, which sat like epaulettes on their shoulders, and made major-generals of the entire popula-It was no use trying to move with the wind, for a great fight was going on between the good and bad fairles for the possession of the weather-cocks. Now the good elves had them and the breeze blew just your way. But as soon as you had got your bundles picely tucked under your arms and your hands stowed snugly down into your pockets, whizz! whew! went the weather-cocks, and away went your hat under the hoofs of a dozen careering horses.

It was a great day for the queer little people up in Their huge owl eyes glowed in the church chimes. the darkness like red-hot coals, and when the gale whistled through the rafters on which their monkey bodies perched, they opened all their feathery coats to the ley blasts and shricked with glee. "Tu-whoo!"
they called. "Tu-whoo-o-o! Hi! hi! hi!" Always shricking when the wind blew flercely, and pitching the tone of their now mournful, now flendish, cries In the key of the gale. Do you know why the sexton hates so much to strike the chimes on Christmas Eve ! Ask him, and he will say that these queer little goblins up in the steeple always grasp the hammer try to hold it back. They have the most fun in the old-fashioned steeples where the big bells toll, and there one of them selzes the hammer and the rest hang away down into the air by each other's talls and sway with the swaying bell. With every ding I dong I ding dong! they sound a hoarse reverberation in the same key in the form of a ghoulish chant :

Christmas is here! Christmas is here! The wizards and witches are trembling with fear The goblins will ride on the blast to-night But devil-bought mortals will keep out of sight Ding, dong, ding, dong, Toll slow and toll long!

The snow piles high o'er dead men's bones, The dirge winds mean through the white tomb-

And loudly we laugh as we swing to and fro, While the sexton chokes in the crypt below! Ding, dong, ding, dong, Laugh loud and laugh long!

V. MR. TEDDY C'GRADY UNDERTAKES THE PERFORM

ANCE OF A MOST IMPORTANT TRUST. Out into the gloomy snow as the afternoon shadows

grow darker, from the lefty window of a tenement, a beautiful, disconsolate face is peering. What a sad woeful face for Christmas Eve ! Down in the street, even in this forlorn part of big New-York, every one seems gay and happy. In a mighty crowd the people surge and struggle and wedge themselves together and thither and you. and draw away again Piercely they trample the snow under foot and pack it tightly down on the muddy street, scurrying off to and bright fires, and candles and big stockings, and furleys and hot punches. How madly the horses scamper over the snow padded cobbles, urged on by whips and ories of restless drivers. That sweet, sad face looks down and thinks that all hearts are light but hers. To all but her Christmas Eve has brought its gladsome message. All eyes but hers have before them a vision of Christmas cheer. Even the stolld street-car driver, muffled from head to foot, as he snaps his whip snorts floredy at the impeding cart before bim and swings his chilled arms back and forth-even he weres a smile that shows his brooding fancy to be with wife and children and the approaching hour of his release from toll. The pretty girls-Heaven ble 'em !- their sweet faces blushing in the snow, and their hands full of hundles and bexes, are led by happy dreams. The portly merchant and the ragged little follow prancing at his side and screaming the evening papers in his inattentive ear both wear a dreamy While all that can be seen of the fat old apple-woman on the corner, who has been there so many years that the corner would feel absolutely lost rather inclined to doubt its own identity without ber, all that can be seen of her cherubic face under its it shawl and muffer is a kind, motherly smile that says as plain as can be, " Merry Christmas to yez all !"

Only the heart that beats behind that narrow window easement away up in the tall tenement youder is oppressed while the world makes merry. long into the snowy street and pulls her handkerchief closer around her white throat. The fire in the little wood stove has burned out and there is nothing with which to relindle it. She is cold and rubs her hands briskly together. A faint sigh from ek shadows at the other end of the room startle ber, and she steps softly over to the old lounge whence

" Darling in a faint voice save. "Still here, sweetbeart? I must have fallen asleep. How weak of me to sleep during the precious hour of your visit: No. Harvey, it made me happy when I saw your yes begin to droop. The sleep did you good. Why,

What time is it, Russet? Five o'clock? Why. I've been sleeping over an hour. This is much too late for you to be out, dear. I don't like you to go

"It won't be dark. Harvey, when the street-lamps are lit, and I must talk a little. I can't leave you

"Oh don't bother about me. I'll be up and out to-morrow. I'm not much sick."

"I wish I could think so. Harvey. You must get up, darling, and come home with me. I should get sick myself thinking of you all alone here. I couldn't sleep or est. I should be in misery. Beside, I can't bear to pain you, my own, but there's no wood here and it's getting cold, and there's nothing for you to

You toust come home with me." Harvey Almond raised himself on his elbow and

gazed darkly at the bare wall. Curso them !" he said, bitterly. "The robbers! I must get well, Russet. I'll not lie here like a sick while they plunder me. They have robbed me, Russet, they are simply thieves. They set a trap for me, and by their soft words led me into it. all along meant to rob me. Oh, I could tear their

bearts-"Harvey, precious one," she said, passing her hand soothingly over his hot brow, "do not please. You will make yourself worse. Forget them and their wicked conduct. When you get well, you and I will set to work. We can make our own way. But come me now with me."

"When did you see him last, Russet?"

"Oh, never mind him, Harvey. Let us-"
"When did you see him! I want to know!" "He came to the house to-day, darling. I-"

"I thought so. I thought I saw it in your face The scoundrel! I will punish him for that. He knew I was lying here sick. Oh, it sets me half wild to think-what did he say ?"

"I want to know just what he said. If you love

Soubt at all about this, you know, because there are | me, Russet, tell me. That is the best way to make me well. Now begin at the beginning." "I'll tell you, Harvey, If you will promise to come

"I promise. Go on."

" Mr. Muggleby, the old one, came to the house first. As soon as I saw him I knew there would be trouble. his feet resting on a cloud, and his arms stretched out | In fact, I've been haunted by fears ever since the day Teddy O'Grady threw my consin downstairs. then what I only dreaded before, that father was caught in their tolls."

"So," said Harvey Almond, thoughtfully. "And that he was dreadfully afraid of them. Well, my uncle asked to see him. Father is not well, and I told him so, but he pushed right by me and went into father's room, and stayed there half an hour. When he was very red, and, I could see, very he came out angry. He didn't notice me at all, but hurried away Then I went to father and found him pale, nervous He didn't offer to tell what my une and agitated. had said, and I didn't ask, for father's reserve is some thing I can't intrude upon. He was lying on his bed with a blanket loosely thrown over him, trembling and excited. I did my best to soothe him and he was becoming a little quieter, when the door was pushed open and that evil, odious face-"

"The devil's own," bissed Harvey Almond. " Peered into the room. I'll never forget the hate ful leer about his mouth. He came up to me, and I could feel my father's bones shalling as if he had a chill. 'My coustn,' be said, but when he had got so far, my father, ...ld and ill as he was, sprang straight from the bed, his long white hair streaming down upon

his shoulders, and his face all aglow with pass ". Thee must not speak to her,' he said. His voice was low, but fearful with rage. 'Thee may do all hee has threatened. Heaven will only punish thee the more. And hark, now, for I speak with full deliberation. If thee ever crosses my door again molests my child with so much as one of thy evil glances, before my God I say it, I will kill thee dead !

"Oh, I shall never forget my father's face then It was grand and beautiful. I didn't look at Young Muggleby. I just threw myself in father's arms and kissed him over and over again. When he led me to the sofa, Young Muggleby had gone. Father was perfeetly calm. It seemed as if all the load he had been carrying these long months were gone. The flush on His eyes became peace his face died gradually away. ful, as I used to see them when a child. Then he sat down with me and told me quietly that the Mugglebys had swindled us out of our whole fortune. He had intrusted it to them for investment, and out of over \$300,000 there remained only a mere pittance. which they lot us have on sufferance, and which lef us with the hateful figure he had just driven away."

Harvey drew his sweetheart close to his breast and clasped his arms tightly about her. Thus they remained for quite half an hour, neither speaking. In Russet's dramatic recital made Harvey feel better and in other ways worse. The scheme that had been out lined in Old Muggleby's office several months before had been successfully carried out against him. ten thousand dollars advanced him had enabled him to make great strides in the manufacture of his patent. But, as they well knew, it was wholly insufficient for his purposes. It had simply served to give him credit and get him more heavily in debt. He had given them as security an assignment of his patent with all the rights it conferred, and upon the maturity of his obligations to them, only three days before Christmas, they had mercilessly seized everything he possessed and had left him a beggar. The blow was much for poor Harvey, and he took to his bed.

His mental distress was, of course, multiplied by his discovery of Mr. Twitcher's condition, but physically it seemed to revive his energies. They were now tependent upon him, and his responsibility awoke his courage. He sat against his pillow with his hand clasping that of Russet, revolving in his mind plans for the future, when he was suddenly aroused from his reflections by a loud knock on the door.

"I guess it's Teddy," said Russet, "I asked him to come for me." It was Teddy enveloped in an overcoat three sizes

oo big for him, and covered with snow from his hat o his heels. "Whew !" he whistled, stamping his feet and knocking the snow off briskly, "how's dis fer Chris'mus !"

" Is it storming yet, Teddy !" "Stormin't Dat ain't no word for it. It's comin' lown in ready-made snowballs wot hits you wid a s'ack hard 'nuff ter lay cobbles in a new street. Wot's le matter wid de gen'l'man !" "I'm not feeling first rate, Teddy," answered Har-

But I'll be on my feet to morrow." "Cert" answered the boy, " who ever heard of bein" stek on Chris'mus ! Doncher t'ink it's radder col' yere

"The fire has gone down," said Russet, as she noticed Harvey's frown. Teddy naticed it, too, and with characteristic alertness he drew from the empty ossed his hat on his head, saying, " he back d'each'ly," and ran quickly downstairs. ment with his arms full of wood.

"Mebbe ye know de cully wot keeps the beer saloon | a single basket, you see Anarchis' which don't b'lieve in de coppers. Ver jis' oughter hear him talk. If yer up on Dutch he him talk like a cyclone, but he ain't so chipper in English. I borryed dis here timber o' him, and he'll be up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here wild some more in a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be's agin up here will be a minit. He sex be a mi blow up de Tombs and raise de deb-

"Teddy !" "-ble generity. Which I begs yer parding, Miss sue, but yer out ter spoke quicker. He ain't sich a model there and lot w'en he's soler, on'y he's mostly drunk ment-see? Tain't fer me ter run 'im down, dough, 'cause he's

good frien' er mine. Here he comes."

Teddy opened the door to the Anarchist, a biz. ristle-bearded, savage looking German, who bore two huge baskets full of wood on his arms.

"Chris," said Teddy, with an impudent grin, at which even Mr. Harvey Almond e mid be only amused, when you talk to Old Maggleby you need to know what you do wood yere in de box, an' den stan' out by what you are talking about. You can see from what de winder. Dis lady an' gen'i'man ain't never seen it have told you how valuable my patent is. Why, I no Anarchists an' dey'd like ter look you over. Dey's radder took wid your principles an' is Unhin' 'bout | two months ago. But I had promised the Meggleby's toinin' de Dynamite Section o' Independent Bomb | not to sell the palent, and when they advanced me Prowers. Doy's down on all monoperlies an' graspin'

Mr. Harvey Almond was inclined to think that there was rather more in this than Teddy had any "That's the point. I guess they have lept within

orensic attitude.

"I breaches der zoshal refolmhun," he said in a gobbled it all." foremale attitude. deep bass tone. "Der refolushun uf der beoples v'ich deep bass tone. "Der refolusion of der beopets boor acaiest dem wich makes slaves of freemen dat's where de fem comes in. Wort d'yer say ter
givin' me a letter ter take ter de ole man wou'll get say . Down vid der hireling law . v'leh der rich make and der boor dev crinds town talt der cround. vill had no combromise. Id vas var-var to der knife. Der gabitalist shall tie !"

"Cully, we're wid ye," said Teddy. " Before you begin speechifvin' we was on de fence. But dem burnin' words o' your'n went deep ter our son's It's spooly up in Canal-st, of a Chris'mus Eve. werry uncom'fer'ble t'ing, cutly, fer ter be waverin' betweet bein' a Anarchis' and a canitalis'. But we wavers to more. We takes de plunge. Hooray for dat wood, cully, but wot's de use hatdn' princerples of dev ain't lived up to? Down wid 4r rights o' prop-Up wid de red flag! Dat wood b'longs ter de man wot burns if fust. Dat man is us. De same princerple applies ter supper. Chris we're derned nungry, an' I wants you ter sen' us up some chicken,

punlin pie an' coffee. D'ye keich on?" "I vill sen' anyt'ings vot you vants, Tetty. You vas von fool uf a poy, but I ton'd forgets dot dime vot you gif me some tips apoudt der berlice makin' der

chicken mit some crullers und cheese und peer, bey ?"
The Anarchist retired, leaving Teddy, Russet and her lover in a highly amiable frame of mind. Harvey had too much sense to feel the alightest reluctance about accepting a hospitality extended with as much delicacy as a prince could have exhibited.

Soon the fire in the little wood stove was roaring away for dear life in the cheerfulest kind of style, and its flames cast a rich reflection through the room. They created a hundred queer shadows that chased each other, like so many Christmas hobgoblins at play, all over the walls and celling to Russet's amused relief. Seated on top of the wood-box with his heels high in the air Teddy watched their curious shapes, and endowed them with imaginative histories and supernatural attributes. Russet and Harvey listened quietly to his rambling, but Inderons chatter. Russet, Teddy was more than a mascot. The scenes among which her life had been thrown had grown stranger and sadder overy year since her father fortune began to run into the Muggleby reservoir. The coarse, vulgar people she constantly met frightprotector, devoted, loyal, always ready and equal to any emergency. Nothing ever daunted his serencia No problem was too much for his calm, street made philosophy. His footstep seemed knob he planted his feet against the step and pulled

with all sorts of vile people, Teddy had yet an inborn sense of justice and an honest disposition. cepted life as it was. He did not regard himself as But he wanted nothing that wasn't his, and viewed with a lenient eye the frailties of others. Russet's affection for this creation of the street was She didn't understand him. He often dismayed her, but she knew he was honest and plucky and true.

"Mr. Almond," said Teddy, reflectively, as though he had been for some time revolving the matter his mind, "yer won't t'ink wot I'm moddlin' ef I asks

wot makes yer look so down on yer luck." "Why, no, old fellow," Harvey arswered, heartily, "I won't think that. You've hit the nail right on the head. I'm 'down on my luck.' "

"A big break, Teddy. I've been tobbed." "De dence yer say! Was it a big swag?" "All I had. And the robbers are those Mugglebys.

I think you once met a man of that name !" "De record ob my meetin' wid de gen'l'man is on de blotter o' Chambers Street Hosspital, where he was took w'en I got froe wid 'im." Teddy proudly rejeined. "An' it's him wot's got away wid yer boodle, hey?

Well. I don't t'ink much er him." "Yes, it's he and his father. They're both the same kind."

Why doncher make 'em unload !" "I'm afraid they've got me foul, Teddy." "Ye say de ole man is de same kin' er turnip like

de young feller ?" " Just the same." "Den he ain't no good. He ain't got no sand at I betcher I kin make 'em squeal.'

" But, you see, they didn't steal it outright. They fest swindled me." "Well, it's all the same. It's a skin, ain't it?"

"Yes, a dead cheat." "Well, den, ye kin make 'em drop de pot." "Their rascality toward me isn't the worst of it,

by any means. They have plundered Mr. Twitcher out of his last dollar." Teddy looked at Russet. "Wot!" he cried. "Workin' yer fader ter scoop in his money an' den tryin' fer ter make you marry de bloke! Golly, dat makes me

jts' bile! Looker yere, Mister Almond, wotcher say ter lettin' me take a look at dem gillies !" Harvey smiled. "What would you do, Teddy?" The arrival of the supper interfered with the boy's

reply. He took the dishes from the walter and laid them out on the table. "Dey ain't no files on dis for a Anarchis' grub," "Ketch on ter de sassages, an' de col' chickhe said. en, de pertater salad and de crullers. Where's dat punkin pie, cully? Lay her out, and tell Chris dat

when he's hung I'll plant flowers on his grave." They drew stools up to the table and are heartfly. Then Teddy resumed the conversation

"Where does dey live!" he inquired. "At No. - Canal st."

"Dat's a wery spooky place 'bout Chris'mus'." re marked Teddy, dublously. D'you b'lieve in spooks !" "Can't say I do, Teddy."

"Whe of course not." said Russet. "There are no such things."

"Scuse me, Miss Sue, but dey is. I seen one las' Chris'mus out to Greenwood. I went out dere Chris'mus Eve wid a note for a man wot lives back o' de cemetery. Mebbe you min' de night? It was col' an' rainy, an' when I was comin' back I looked over 'mong de stiffs an' I seen a spook surer'n de from dat place 's I might be, now I'm givin' it to ye straight."

"Nonsense, Teddy, I didn't suppose you were afraid of anything."

"Well, I sin't afeared of anyt'ing wot's all right. But I don't hanher 'bout tackl'n' spoolst. I would like for git a w'ack at dem Mugglebys, dough, an' ef you'll tell me all 'bout de biz, and gimme a chance fer ter git in de house wid de ole man, I t'ink I kin

make things any wome than they are, and if you can better them, good enough. Some years ago I invent-It was intended for banks, trust co panies and large corporations. It was meant to be built right in the wall, so that as you look at the wall projects about an Inch. All the machinery is inside. The combinations which unlock the safe are adjusted or even more compartments. You make your combination in the crank for whatever compartment you jecting knob and turn. It revolves a machine inside he wall, which catches the procise compartment you want and brings it in front of a sliding panel which ares a maximum of safety against burglars, as well To blow open the safe, you must blow up the whole building. To open it with the crank you must know the whole system, or you will, at most, secure but one of its many compartments. The man who has one of my safes doesn't carry all his eggs in

the wood in the hox. "Ye don't, hey? Well, he's a pleted safe has yet been built. It is in my uncle's

" Year "I will just open the crank-so. Now you can see | gleby, never, on my honor. In this way, out, and in that way, in. Thus you can | my honor." make innumerable arrangements, though, of course,
the system in each crank will be different. In this Old Meggleby, burning around and conficulting Testity. model there are ten compartments. By this move, "by bothering me at this time o' night with the drank-

"You open the first-so. By that, the second I say?" Now, follow me while I open them all." Testiy watched the operation with the deepest in-

"I want you to understand the matter, because money, in all about twenty three thousand dollars, I

the taw all along. It's the same way with their treat ment of Mr. Twitcher. He placed his fecture in their

"Dis is do toughest job wet ever I got inter. Hur me limite er de harre. Once I'm la, he'll hey de terndes' time gittla' me out, new ye hin lis' betcher

"I'll write it now, Teddy, and come to us at Mr.

Twitcher's when you're done with them."
"Good I wish I hadn't heered Tout its bein we brace up on anoder bottle of hear? Here's booktot to ye, cally, an' to her wot we's bofe in love wid, an' my racket don't work wid 'em, here's hopin' dat a "; at my' find il' doods

OLD MUGGLERY, SCIZED WITH A FUNNY IDEA. RESOLVES TO SEND HARVEY A

It was nearly 11 o'clock when Teddy escaped from he messenger office and boarded an Eighth ave. ear He didn't wholly enjoy the mission he had been sent upon. The notion that he was going into a "speeky" house had become firmly and disagreeably planted in his mind. It was still snowing heavily when he got off the car and stood in front of Old Muggleby's house. It was an old fashioned, high stooped, two-storied brick dwelling, demai and uninviting. A sentinel gaslight across the street enabled Teddy to observe that the snow was still smooth and deep on the stone steps save for two solltary imsstons. One was clearly made by a human foot,

but the other sorely disturbed him.
"It's a speod's," he conjectured, contemplating it grimly, with his hands stowed deep in his trothers. poetets and his big coat thrown open to the wind.
"' Tain't no natch'ral hoof. I feel 'at jis' 's sure 's I go inter dat ole rathole I'm agoin' to run foul of sumply queer. Now lis' look yere. Desc footprints | right on to you, an' of yer don't want ter be frien'ly, wish is O. K. comes from down de street. De odder ones comes from de curb. Dat shows dat de spook was layin' for de ole chump an' follered him in. ain't nawthin' straight 'bout dis bloody place. I hinder wish de biz was did "

He pulled his hands out of his pockets, buttoned up his coat, took a big breath and mounted the steps. "PH said in 's if I was a Lot's wife all made o' brass," he said, sturdily, "an' I'll fis' giv dat bell a pull wot'll show de spools dat doy's in fer a tussies."

He was as good as his word. Crasping the hellto carry sunshine wherever it went. Inured to crime away as if he were hired by the hour. The rusty old | But, gentlemen, we are not dogs. We are men; thank and scenes of poverty, on apparently intimate terms , chains at alcel delefully and the bell sounded out | Heaven, we are men."

louder, it seemed to him, than a fire alarm. But he kept heroically at it without even pausing for breath until he heard a latch snapped above him, a window hurled up, and a resping, angry voice snarling out: "Hello! there, you fool! D'ye want to pull the house down !"

Teddy did not offer any suggestions as to where

caught noisily above it. Presently a faint light glim-

mered through the circular transom over the door,

and one by one nearly a dozen locks and bolts were

carefully drawn. The door opened on a crack, and

"Well, stand there, and I'll hand it out to you."

This was not precisely what Teddy's mission per

mitted him to consent to. He began to see that his

only chance of success with such a crabbed old cus

tomer as he had to deal with lay in pursuing a policy

of cold, naked impudence. This he rather himself upon as his great forte. He held the

Teddy handed it over and surveyed the pre-

the house starting a score of uncomfortable echoes.

stay here while I go get 'em, and mind you, don't

ruefully, "an' now de question is how'm I gein' ter

He followed Old Muggleby closely, the steps shak-

ing and protesting with many a doleful noise, until

riskety old arm-chair near the open hearth, where

the dying embers of a little wood fire smoked and

wasn't pretty to look at, but Teddy was glad to see

thing in the nature of a human being. In the centre

of the room was an ancient, battered desk covered with

the ashes from a couple of pestilential clay pipes and

with a multitude of papers and an avalanche of dust.

A sofa worn to the springs, a few hard, tumble down

chairs, and a tall, old fashloned book-case completed

the room's equipment of furniture. The air was musty

and foul with stale tobacco smoke and from the walls,

as they noisily entered, came a succession of disquiet

colony of disturbed rats. Teddy perched himself

ing squeals and scratchings, the wetrd protests of a

a chair and viewed his situation with melancholy fore-

" Badger." said Old Muggleby, to the little bald-

headed man, "here, read this letter. Your eyes are

Mr. Badger down his chair to the table, and placed

"Uscle Peren: I cannot believe that you really

intend to inflict upon me the cruel outrages which

have been perpetrated under your orders. I feel sure

on are acting under the influence of some one whose

I have felt able to intrust this mission. He will to

" Badger," said Old Muggleby, " did you ever

"What d've mean, you young inclanages," roared

en whines of an ungrateful brat whom I've been sup-

porting ever since he was bern? What dive moan,

This question was addressed to Mr. Badger, who

"I'm bound to say," he replied, with some health

wey that made Mr. Badger quake and fremble.
"I tole him for brace up. I sez, sex I, 'It ain't de ole man,' sez I, 'It's de young un. You've scooped

his gord. Natch'rally, when two fellers is settin' up to de same gurl de feller wat gets lef' is going ter

make t'ings hom roun' de odder feller's head, if he kin.

Badger's every heart beat sent a several chill through h's benes. "You thought I wasn't such a bad sort,

"Why, cert'," Teddy replied, in his most soothing

"An' when he said dat de trouble was ter strike

sez I, 'ef yor uncle knowed de fac's he'd give da

bloody bloke wot's makin' all dis muss de gran'

them savagely in the fice.
"You raiseally little scamp:" he cried, "get out! or

ain't goin' ter be no bones broke neder, er if dey is,

dev won't be my bones, an' doncher fergit it! I'm

it's all de same ter me. I didn't come yere fer

fight, but I b'longs for a serciety which don't 'low de

agoin' ter say my say, mister, and while I'm doin' it, le safes' place fer you is back o' dat desk. You kin

betcher sweet life dat 'fore anybody comes medditn'

words of the post, ' Let dogs delight to bark and bite.

wid my bones, dey's sumple gota' ter bust.'

should we let our angry passions rise?

and familiar tones. " I said dat you was a wery good

"Co on, you-you-you imp! Go right on!"

bottom, I tole him he didn't go 'bout it right.

bounce.' An' so I've come for fx do i'ng up.'

I'll break every bone in your insolent body

"Oh, you did, bey?" snorted Old Mucgleby, while

list, sez I, ' de ole man ain't sich a bad sort."

hearted man at bottom."

feller, ain't done de square t'ing. See !"

malice you can have no just reason to satisfy

"Christmas Eve

the candle near at hand. Then he read

He was in the humor to enjoy almost any-

He

they entered a rear room on the second floor.

flickered, sat a fat, small, hald headed man.

"Hold the candle," growled Old Muggleby.

the same rasping voice demanded, "Give it here."

"Now yer shoutin'," assented Teddy, "we's men. I'm sure I hasn't no hard feelin's. But I lives in de Fourt' Ward, an' when a gen'l'man talks 'Bout breakin' my bones. I feels dat de eyes o' de ward is on me." "The gentleman is quite right," continued Mr. Bad-

ger. "He comes to us. Friend Muggleby, in the sacred character of an ambassador. His person is inviolate. "Is dis de res'dance of Mr. P. Muggleby, senior !" He must be treated with every courtesy. He must have the fullest opportunity to present the case of Yes, you infernal little scamp, what d'ye want?" his principal." "Cully," replied Teddy, placifly resuming his seat, Of course he is. Where should he be at this time

you got a great head, and of my bones is ter be let alone I will purceed wid do biz. Mr. Almond wants ter know if dis gen'l'man yere is fer him er agin' him." Mr. Muggleby ought to be. He contented himself with "You mean in less intricate phraseology that he the mild observation that he had a letter " wot's ter desires to know if the proceedings which have been The window closed with a heavy bang and the latch

taken against him have received Mr. Muggleby's in-"You has tumbled right on ter de point." Well, suppose they have, what then ?"

"Den." said Teddy, "we'll call de han's an' see which gen'l'man's cards takes do not." Mr. Badger gazed thoughtfully into the fire. "You gen'l'men." continued Teddy, with much im-

ressiveness, " has stacked de cards. D'ye ketch on?" Mr. Badger coughed. "We was playin' fair. We lost on what we b'lleves was a dead cheat, a reg'lar skin game. See !"

Mr. Badger toyed with his eye-glasses. "We wants it made right. Our sitewashun is det We ain't got de price of a Bowery fish-cake an' in his hand and said, "I don't mean no offence, but de Chris'mus is on us. We is willin' ter settle forwedder out yere is kinder chilly. Wot's de matter wid "What!" sported Old Muggleby.

Fer fifty t'ousan' dollars !" answered Teddy The door opened wider and a tall, thin, pallid old Old Muggleby brought his fist down on the table in man clad in a long ragged wrapper revealed himself. He held a candle off at one side trying with his hand front of him with a bang that made Mr. Badger's flesh creep, and sent the rats in the wall scampering and to shield its flame from the wind. In this attitude he squealing away for dear life.

"You may come in," he said, half dublously.
Where's the letter?" " If that rascally nephew of mine has sent you here to blackmail me, he may as well know first as last that it can't be done," he cried.

" Now, my dear Muggleby," said Mr. Badger, "don't The walls and floor of the vestibule and entry were be hasty. Let us consider. Let us send our answer bare, and the sound of his heavy step rang out through to-morrow." "We'll send it now, this instant! Badger, look

Teddy obeyed, and the old man began to search under that sofa and hand me the model that's there." Mr. Badger obeyed, and drew forth a miniature of "They're upstairs. You Harvey's patent.

" Hand it to the boy."

Mr. Badger put it in Teddy's lap. "You say he's hungry, ch !"

"Starvin'," said Teddy.

"Why not, you little fool? What's going to pester "Well, I won't let him beg in the street for a " Dat's it," said Teddy. "Wot? Ef I knowed wot Christmas dinner," the old man continued, grimly. I didn't mean no offence. Did you say you was layin' mebbe I wouldn't min' stayin'. Dis house is drefful Oh, he sha'n't say I was cruel. He sha'n't have any spooky, an' ef it's all de same to you, mister, I'll go ground to slander his kin. I'll send him a Christmas present, and you shall carry it back to him in one of The old man glared at him a moment, but seeing the worthless old boxes that he's made a pretext to swindle me with. Hold it in your lap till I come back. alternative, he replaced his bolts and chains, and And now, Badger, you come with me." " Well, I'm in." murmured Teddy to himself, rather

Mr. Badger rose with a mixture of astonishment and alarm on his timid but cunning face, and followed Old Muggleby to the door.

Where are ye goin'?" demanded Teddy. Old Muggleby paused, holding the candle in his hand, and actually smiled. It was a great thing for Old Muggleby to smile. The idea which could relax his hard, cold lips had to be very funny indeed. "I'm going to cut a ham sandwich," he said. "He sha'n't starve on Christmas, ho! ho! ho! Not a bit of it!" and shutting the door behind him with an echoing bang, he left Teddy alone with the rats.

VII.

TEDDY MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A SHAPE AND RECEIVES SOME VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

"I s'pose," said Teddy, as the departing footsteps died away, " dat w'en a man ain't got no better 'pinion of hisse'f dan wot ennybody else has got of him, dey ain't no use tryin' ter hurt his feelin's by tellin' him wot you t'inks. But dev's one t'ing sure-of all de saides wot ever I see dat Ole Muggleby is de saidest. I'm willin' ter bet my good shekels agin one o' dem ten for a cont collar buttons wot Max sells dat of old Muggleby's heart was put under a microscope warranted her make a flea look like a elephant yer couldn't see a sign of it. An' of you was ter tap him for blood "Wot riles me is dat de ole duffer's playin' me fer

sucker. He'll sen' me home wid a san'widge, hey i An' he'll put in in dis wort'less box wot he's ben swindled wid, bey ! An' I'm for hol' it in my lap till he comes back, hey? H'm. Before de night's ober I'll show dat bloody ole gimlet a racket wot'll make his green eyes bulge. Dat is, I will of I ain't took off "I kinder wish he hadn't vanked away dat can'le.

Dev ain't no more wood eder, an' de fire's goin' oot. T. O'Grady, to whom I have confided my interests an' 't won't be long 'fore de room's blacker'n a vault Trintty churchyard, I don't min' wot's all right, but wien de queer begins ter you what I think is my honest due, and what I feel git in its fine work, den I jis' goes all ter pieces. Dis life of it." sure you will only be too glad to grant when you are a sure sign o' spools. Golly, how my teef chatters! write more. With my Christmas greetings, I remain Not's de use er bein' a fool? Ef dey's goin' ter come, w'y, let 'em. When Mr. Badger had read the signature, he glanced cer at Old Muggleby, and coughed in a mild and

"I wonder wot's in dis box? I'll fis' agen de slide so. Humph! nawthin' but de crank-de same kin is de knob wot ye works it on. Here's de place in de

crank where ye makes de combernashuns. "W'y don't de old debble come back! He's bin cone long 'nust ter cut up a whole ham an' make san' vidges for a pionic. Hump't wot's dat I T'ree, four, night, an' now it's Chris'mus. I's begun some Chris muses a blame sight Joilier'n I'm beginnin' dis un. I wish dat fire 'u'd eder blaze up er go out. Dem shadders is speedly, and of it was clean dark an' a speek was ter come, we might befe of us miss de udder.

"I wonder of I couldn't combine dis crank an' open few or yer ways sich as undofn' yer head an' slingta' de box. Le's see. Ye tech dis spring an' move it off yer arms an' stirrin' up de Belly. Now, heter up two niches; den ye turn it roun wo, den ye move | yees, wot's de matter wid backin' nie up in a little de upper spring down one niche an' hetch it wo; den | racket I'm tryin' ter work on dese Mugglebys?" to the hearth. He tumbled an armful of wood on the auditors and poked up the dying embers. When at

open his savage laws and swallow him at a single gulp. was was the odd st, wheledest little being scarcely honnerd thousan' dollars from one man an' bout a none than three feet high. Its skin was dark, and hunnerd thousan' from anodder. I offered to compensately like a frog's, and as it spoke the word "so!" it mise on de last steal for fifty, but 's long 's de ole flames, and rubbed his hands before them most conits thumb against his mose it wriggled its black fingers tions for take a dollar less'n wot's right."

The imp shook his head approximate. "Of course didn't 'spect I was goin' on a picnic. But 's long 's
I'm yere, 'tain't ne more'n fair ter gimme a show.

We can't talk biz wid our teef chatterin' an' shakin' wid de col'. Now, den dat fire's sumpin' like. Say, started nervously and east an anxioms glance at Old though without uttering a sound. Teddy stole many as for my Muggleby, he'll go stark mad, I know he furtive glances at the door, and finally rose and took | will. I not or heard of a funder thing in all my life? a step or two in that direction, but before he had reached it the thing gave one noiseless bound, and racket. But do question is, how'm I gold for come there it was right between Teddy and his only means it over 'em i' air of a diplomat. "Now, wid regard for my frient, of escape. He returned to his chair and proceeded to examine the creature more carefully it was plump, but so shadowy that Teddy could almost see through to a little hoob that projected about an men through It. Its arms were extravagantly long and thin There | the plaster, he said. " Old Maggleby began to crack his finger-joints in a wasn't the sign of a hair on its bare face and head, and the only covering upon its brown body was a girdle of holly that encircled its walst.

"I knowed I was in fer a speek," Teddy said to Muggleby's safe." himself, "but I dain't 'spect no sich honory looking monkey like wot dat is. Golly, wot a mouf he's got, wide 'nuif ter swaller a clam, shell an' all! don't he say wot he's got ter say an' git out? I wonder wot hin' of a spools he is! He ain't as big's me, is all in there." an' I b'lieve I could lich him. I'll jis' brace right up an' hev it out wid 'im. Oh, my stars, see de erin an' roll his eyes! I wish he wouldn't look like

Teddy again rose from his chair and set the model down. Then be confronted the thing.
"Cully," he said, aloud, "I ain't never done naw-

There was nothing essentially humorous in this question, as far as Teddy could see. It was clearly intended to determine in what relation he stood to his warty visitor. But the creature's fat stomsen shook Old Muggleby sprang from his chair and seized with merriment as its head spun around and around

like a top. "Hol' on!" cried Teddy. "Don't shake yer head no more; ye might shake it off. I'se seen prettie 'ings 'n wot you is, but ef dey's enny way iglier it's ter be widout yer head. Great Scott!" The thing had ceased laughing, and having drawn

in its long red tongue, it had deliberately put its hands up to its cars and lifted its head right off its round. humpy shoulders. There it stood holding its head by the nose, while Teddy fairly screamed with terror .

"Put it back! put it back! Dere, now, keep it on, won't yer? I ain't use ter gents wot hin yank of delr heads like dat, an' it sorter makes me feel queer. Now, let it stay on, won't yer, dat's a good feller! "I can do thing; lots funnier than that," said the

"Gentlemen!" he said, "why should we quarrel? why ed to reply. " But please not ter do 'em. De me yer jis' done was funny 'nuff. I'm afeard I liffers 'bout sich t'ings. Dey's some folks wot likes funny t'ings, an' dey's some wot don't. I'm one o'

de kin'-Oh, my eyet wot's do bloody bloke a-dota'; The creature ran its hand far down its threat and drew forth a little bottle that shone like phosphorus in the dark. It poured an c'ly liquid into its hand and rubbed the stuff over its body until it was all eglow. Then it raised its hands again and again ramoved its head, and carefully placed it on the dealt It select its left arm with its right hand, and jorled It off and dropped it on the s.-fa. It stooped over and pulled off its leg, with which it hopped across the room and which it laid upon a chair. It sat down on the floor and took off the other leg, and tossed it over among the ashes in the chimney. Then it spun its remaining arm in the air till it looked like a which gig, and finally flew off into a corner. All that was left of the thing was its little fat trunk stiring bolt upright on the floor while from every part of the room

its divided members glowed refulgently. Poor Teddy stared around him for an instant, and then with a despairing shrick, sprang for the door There was a swishing sound, and just as he reached for the knob he saw the thing, reformed and whole, standing with back against the door and its bony hands placifily folded over its stomach. In a second

its dissevered parts had come together!
Teddy drew sullenly back. "Mistor," he said, "who Is you, ennyway ?"

"I'm Young Muggleby's imp!" the thing replied.

"Young Muggleby's imp. Haven't you ever seen anybody's imp before!" "Can't say I ever did," answered Teddy, gloomity,

"An' I wouldn't be buried under no awful weight er sorrer of I never was to see one agin. Are you calherlatin' ter stay yere long?" "Well, I don't know. You see. I'm walting around

for Young Muggloby till he needs me. I used to be another man's fmp, who died about two hundred years ago. You probably never heard of him?"
" Did he live in de Fourt' Ward!" asked Teddy.

"Oh, dear no," answered the imp, while his fat stomach shook with laughter. "His name was Kidd, Captain Kidd." "Oh! him!" Teddy cried. "Cap'en Kidd, de hoss

pirate! Well, ye kin betcher sweet life dat I'm right on ter him. W'y, I got a book wid pictur's all about 'im. An' so you was his imp! Well, now, who'd er s'posed it? Cully, give us yer fin! Put it right fore, cully, put it right ders."

"I'm sorry, but I can't shake hands. You see, we imps are mere shapes, simply appearances, that's All."

"Ye do look sorter misty. Dat's all right, dough, for Young Muggleby !"

Sit down and I'll tell you about it. You won't mind it if I sit on the top of my head, will you!" "Now, come off, cully. Don't do nawthin' fresh, Ain't you got de same arrangements fer sittin' down like wot odder folks has ?"

" Yes. but-" " Den use 'em, cully, use 'em."

The imp complied. Teddy sat on a chair and his shadowy visitor dropped upon the floor and locked his long arms around his knees. " As I was saying," he said, " being without a situa-

tion just at present, I am not a substance. I simply speak. Any one who occuries me after he dies must have been very wicked here on earth. My share was specially created by Beelzebub," and as he mentioned that name a dozen vivid flashes of lightning darted through the room, and hundreds of horrid grouns and screeches smote Teddy's terrified car. The flashes died away instantly, but a pale blue light remained and dimly illuminated the room, and Teddy saw a host of little black cats and snakes and frogs, and two or three grinning skulls floating in the air. . The poor boy's knees knocked together and he shivered with fear, but in a minute or two the sulphurous light faded and all that remained was the ghastly imp bending

low on his knees. There was a long silence, and then Teddy spoke "Cully," he said, "dat wasn't a square deal, cully, Yer ortn't fer have did dat. We was gittin' long first rate till you went an' done dat." "I didn't do it." the imp replied. "It did it elf

It always does something like that when his name is " Doneher t'ink ye can git 'long widout sayin' it

out loud! I've heared er him. Jis' call 'im lielly "All right. I'll bear it in mind. As I was say ing, he created me as a mark of honor for men who particularly bad and villanous here on earth-Captain Kidd occupied me until recently. Then he

was promoted, and I was assigned to Young Muzzle I'm waiting around for him now." "I'm awful sorry for you, cully," said Toddy, "Dat Young Mugglehy's de meanes' cusa you eber seen Day sin't nawthin' like him. He'll lead you a drefful

n afraid he will," delefully answered the top. "When I first came out of the box there ye me if you'd ever done anything against me do you "Well, I guess."

help laughing, it was so funny. I was states. You've never done anything against me, he'l he'. Not a bit of it! Oh. dear, no." " Was you dere?" asked Teddy, chuckling, himself. "Was It Well, I should rather say I was. I thought you'd finished him, and I always come around

when I think I'll be needed. At first, I could have chucked you after him, I was so mad, for I'm willing to wait for him. I don't want him a bit sooner than se has to come, and when I saw that he was only heutsed, hot hot hot I laughed till I cried!" "You ain't sich a bad imp," said Teddy, "barrin' a

"I'm your man," said the imp. "I'm ready for anything that will make them uncomfortable." hast a cheerful blaze started up, he turned his ura — why, then, I come out of the box—so?" and to — You're a regliar trump, cully. Now, dis is de was bashed front to the amazed old man and replied. India's infinite terror and amazement a thick cloud times is. Dem Magglebys is a comple o' bloody roll. "You're a reg'lar trump, culty. Now, dis is do way of black smoke tested from the aperture, and when it bers, an' dey's got away wid a lot o' hondewor b'longs cleared away, standing on the floor in front of him was the odd st, wieledest little being scarcely honners t'onsan' dollars from one man an' 'bout a

> as straight as pipe stones and the perspiration came in | not," he said. "Get it all back. Four hundred thou-and wagged its tongue, and faughed immederately dead. He never could part with it and live. And "Ob, it's firmly entiff," said Toddy. "It's de bally

"Why, that's easy. Look here." The imp rose

"Do you know what it is?" "Of course I do. Its de knob wet works Ole

Right you are. Well-" and a conning grin stole over the imp's fat face as he laid his long, shinny fore finger on his nose, closed up one eye and leered at leddy with the other, "well, Old Muggleby's money

"Wat of It?" "What of it? Don't you know the system on which the crank works?"

"Well, the crank is on the table, ain't ft !" "You derned old warty, black-bodied imp;" roared Teddy, indignantly, "I ain't no burgiar :"

"Who said you were? What's that to do with it The money belongs to your frieads, don't it!"
" Dat's de col' fac'," the boy replied. "Well, then, is it stealing to take what belongs to

you !" "Cully, you're right. I begs for withdraw dem offensive remarks. You got a great head. Dey ain't no question but wot et a t'ing's your'n den it's your'n, an' of anodder feller's got it, you got a right ter make

him han' it over. You're de-The report of a pistol sounded out loud and clear, and then a shrill cry of " Murder !" and a scampering of feet. Teddy started up from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and glanced quickly around the room for his queer visitor. There was not the sign of a spook anywhere. The fire still burned feebly in the grate. The model Mr. Badger had thrust into his lap was still there. The door was closed just as Old Muggleby had left it, and evidently nothing had been changed since. Teddy distrusted his eyes. They seemed to be in one place and his mind in another. " Dey's one t'ing certin," he said. " Eder I seen dat speek er I didn't. Ef I did, it was a mighty smart spook wid do limb legs wot eber I've came acrost. Ef I didn't, den I

ben asleep." He tried to collect his wandering senses, and as they slowly came back within his centrel, he re-